

HOW TO GROW RICH:

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

COMEDY

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

THE SECOND EDITION.

BY

FREDERICK REYNOLDS.

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1793.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Pavè	-	-	<i>Mr. Lewis.</i>
Smalltrade	-	-	<i>Mr. Quick.</i>
Sir Thomas Roundhead	-	-	<i>Mr. Munden.</i>
Latitat	-	-	<i>Mr. Fawcett.</i>
Hippy	-	-	<i>Mr. Blanchard.</i>
Warford	-	-	<i>Mr. Pope.</i>
Sir Charles Dazzle	-	-	<i>Mr. Farren.</i>
Plainly	-	-	<i>Mr. Powell.</i>
Nab	-	-	<i>Mr. Cubit.</i>
Formal	-	-	<i>Mr. Thompson.</i>
Servant	-	-	<i>Mr. Rees.</i>
Sir Charles's Servant	-	-	<i>M. Ledger.</i>
Sir Thomas's Servant	-	-	<i>Mr. Simmons.</i>
Smalltrade's Servant	-	-	<i>Mr. Blurton.</i>
Lady Henrietta	-	-	<i>Mrs. Pope.</i>
Rosa	-	-	<i>Mrs. Eften.</i>
Miss Dazzle	-	-	<i>Miss Chapman.</i>
Betty	-	-	<i>Miss Stuart.</i>



SCENE—A SEA-PORT TOWN IN ENGLAND.



P R O L O G U E.

(Written by R. T. FITZGERALD, Esq.)

WHILE jarring discord flies this happy land,
And Whig and Tory shake each other's hand,
Proud to display the flag of Briton's pride,
And hoist The Union on their country's side:
That noble banner of our nation's fame
Unstain'd by cruelty, unknown to shame!
Still may it ride triumphant o'er the wave
The signal both to conquer and to save!
While England's sons in gallant bands advance,
To hurl just vengeance on perfidious France;
And adverse parties zealously unite,
For freedom's cause, and freedom's King to fight:
Our Author, loyal, though not bred to arms,
Has for his own concerns, some slight alarms—
He shakes his head, and owns he sometimes fears
The muse of smiles may join the muse of tears?
Together read the sweet pathetic page,
And banish joke and laughter from the stage;
'Till comedy, quite sentimental grown
Doffs her light robe, to wear the tragic gown.
Draws from the virgin's breast hysteric sighs,
And thinks to weep—is all the use of eyes!
Still may each rival muse her pow'r maintain,—
With smiles Thalia best supports her reign:
To start the tear and palpitate the heart
Justly demands her *Sister's nobler art!*
Each has her charms, and while to nature true,
Each finds impartial advocates in you.
If these fair rivals, jealousy forgot,
Should once embrace, and tie the friendly knot;

P R O L O G U E.

Mirth must retire and hide her dimpled face
 Convuls'd with laughter, at the strange embrace;
 Our Bard discarded, must his jokes forego,
 And Vapid's frolics, yield to Werter's woe!
 The Author's prospects bear a brighter hue,
 Should his light scenes be now approv'd by you;
 'Twas *You* who taught his earliest hopes to soar
 Be still his patrons, as you've been before!
 Acquitted often by this gen'rous court
 He dares, once more, rely on your support.

~~HOW TO GROW RICH~~

HOW TO GROW RICH:

A C O M E D Y.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in SMALLTRADE'S Banking House—Doors open in the Hall, and Clerks seen writing.*

Enter WARFORD and PLAINLY.

PLAINLY.

NAY, do not think me curious or impertinent, Mr. Warford—I have lived so long with you and your uncle, that I cannot see you unhappy without enquiring the cause.

Warford. My uncle is himself the cause—his weakness and credulity will undo us all.

Plainly. Excuse me, sir; but I'm afraid the young lady now on a visit at our banking house—the charming Lady Henrietta!—has she not made a very deep impression?

B

Warford.

Warford. To confess the truth, she has; and though from my inferior situation in life, I can never aspire to the gaining of her affections, she may still have to thank me for saving her from ruin.

Plainly. From ruin, sir!

Warford. Ay; she is now on the very brink of it—When her father, Lord Orville, went abroad for his health, he gave her a fortune of eight thousand pounds, and left her to the care of her uncle, Sir Thomas Roundhead—At his country seat, Mr. Smalltrade met with her, and being banker to her father, he thought it his duty to invite her to his house.

Plainly. And she had no sooner enter'd it, than she became acquainted with Sir Charles and Miss Dazzle—I suspect their infamous designs.

Warford. Yes, Plainly;—when Miss Dazzle has robb'd her of her fortune at the gaming table, Sir Charles is to attempt to deprive her of her honor—but if I don't shame and expose them! Oh! think of the heartfelt satisfaction in saving such a woman as Lady Henrietta! 'Tis true; most of her fortune is already lost, and Sir Thomas is so offended at her conduct, that (wanting an heir to his estate) he has adopted his god-daughter, Rosa.

Plainly. 'Sdeath! I wish Sir Charles and his sister were driven back to London—They are a disgrace to this, our fashionable sea-bathing town.

Warford. What most I fear, is lest my uncle shou'd join their confederacy—I know it is their plan to lure him into partnership, and he is so anxious to encrease his fortune, that under the idea

idea of growing rich, he may be deluded into any scheme.

[SMALLTRADE *appears at the doors, reading a ledger.*

Here he is—Be secret and discreet, Plainly, and perhaps the next time we converse, I may be proud to tell you, I have saved an innocent lady from treachery and ruin! [Exit.

Smalltrade. (coming forward.) “Smalltrade debtor to Sir Harry Hockley two thousand pounds in specie—Creditor two hundred in paper.”—Ah! that’s very well! I don’t know how it is—My little nice bank is not the thing it was—People of real property have become country bankers now, and play’d the devil with us petty, dashing traders. (*Knocking at door.*) Plainly, see who’s there.

Plainly. Give me leave, sir. (Taking ledger, &c.)

[Exit.

Smalltrade. There’s nothing like a snug country bank—ready money received—paper notes paid—and though I make fifteen per cent. and pay their drafts in my own bills, what of that? A five guinea note is so convenient for carriage or posting—lays so close in a letter, or slips so neatly in the sleeve of a coat—Oh! its of great use to the country, and a vast benefit to myself.

Re-enter PLAINLY, follow’d by a Servant.

Serv. Is this your country bank, as you call it?

Plainly. It is.

Serv. I want change for this draft of Sir Harry Hockley’s.

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Plainly.

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Plainly. Very well—How much is it for?

Serv. A hundred pounds.

Smalltrade. What?

Serv. A hundred pounds.

Smalltrade. Mercy on me! You've set me all in a tremble! Draw on a country bank for a hundred pounds—Why, does your master suppose himself drawing on the bank of Amsterdam?

Plainly. True, sir; and if you recollect, we had a large run upon us yesterday.

Smalltrade. So we had—a very large run! Sir Thomas Roundhead drew in one draft for the enormous sum of twenty-five pounds; and here's your master draws for a hundred—Talk of a country bank! The bank of England couldn't stand this.

Serv. I can't tell, sir—Sir Harry said he had ten times the money in your hands.

Smalltrade. So he has, and what then? Doesn't he place money in my hands that it may be safe? and if he is to draw it out in large sums, that is, if he is to get it when he wants it, where would be the use of a banker? Plainly, pay the draft in my own notes; and d'ye mind, let them be all at thirty and forty days sight—Young man, go with my clerk.

[*Exeunt PLAINLY and Servant.*
'Tis near the time my accomplished cousin, Miss Dazzle, is to wait upon me—She writes me word she has to communicate a new mode of growing rich—Dear! how I long to hear it? It's my way always to catch at every thing—Here she is.

Enter

Enter Miss DAZZLE.

Miss Dazzle. Good morning, Mr. Smalltrade—I'm sorry we hadn't the pleasure of seeing you at our gala last night.

Smalltrade. Pray be seated, cousin. (*They sit.*) Ah! I'm told it was the most grand, expensive entertainment.

Miss Dazzle. Expensive! your pardon, sir—It didn't cost me and my brother a shilling.

Smalltrade. No!

Miss Dazzle. No—and what will surprize you more, it is our sumptuous house, our brilliant rooms, and extravagant entertainments that pay all our expences—In short, Mr. Smalltrade, we've found out a new mode of growing rich.

Smalltrade. Have you? (*rubbing his hands*) That's what I want to hear about.

Miss Dazzle. And that's what I came to impart to you—In a word, sir, we keep a bank.

Smalltrade. Do you? Well, that's one way.

Miss Dazzle. Yes, such a bank! so opposite to yours! We know nothing of notes, checks, clerks, or currency—We don't rise early in the morning to settle our accounts, or shut up before evening to prevent our customers from settling theirs—No all our business is done in the dark, my dear cousin.

Smalltrade. In the dark! so is mine too, my dear cousin.

Miss Dazzle. Then, while you are satisfied with a hundred pounds profit in a week, we are not content with a thousand in a night, and if ever we stop payment, which fortune avert! we have nothing to surrender but mahogany tables, wax-lights, cards, and dice-boxes.

Smalltrade.

Smalltrade. (*rising*) I understand—you keep a Faro-table—Oh! take me!—Take me as Groom-porter and I'll make my fortune, if its only by picking up the droppings.

Miss Dazzle. There's the point—if you would but consent to become a partner with myself and my brother, our profits wou'd be trebled.

Smalltrade. Wou'd they? That's nice!

Miss Dazzle. The case is this—Occasionally, though it seldom happens, we want ready money to carry on the campaign.

Smalltrade. Ready money! Ah! there's the devil—I've nothing but paper.

Miss Dazzle. Nonsense! Your notes can be changed into cash, and Sir Charles and I will pay the discount.

Smalltrade. What! pay the discount out of your own pockets, and give me a third of the profits besides?

Miss Dazzle. Certainly.

Smalltrade. Then I'll be a partner, and—Yet, hold, hold—I'd better not determine too hastily (*aside.*) *Miss Dazzle*, here's my visitor, Lady Henrieta, so, as we're disturb'd you see, I'll wait on you in an hour and talk further.

Miss Dazzle. By that time Sir Charles will arrive from London—Good day.

Smalltrade. Adieu! Zounds! I always had a turn for gaiety, and I don't think I need fear being imposed upon; for I've so long managed a trading bank, that I must understand a gambling one!—I say, cousin, not a word to her about the new mode of growing rich—Good day!

[*Exit.*

Miss Dazzle. So, the old gentleman is caught in the snare; and aided by his bank, what will not

not ours atchieve? Lady Henrietta, who has refused my brother's hand and title, will now be his on other terms, and Warford, who is our enemy, will be involved in his uncle's ruin.

Enter WARFORD and LADY HENRIETTA.

Lady Henrietta. Why so grave, Mr. Warford? You really can be very pleasant if you please; but those gloomy looks! I declare you are quite an alter'd man; isn't he, Miss Dazzle?

Miss Dazzle. Every thing changes, Lady Henrietta.

Lady Henrietta. Why, that's very true;—now to look at the alterations in this town since last summer—Friends have become enemies, and enemies, friends—You shall hear.—The other night, I went to Lady Changewell's, where I used to meet all my old acquaintance—To my astonishment, I didn't see a soul I knew.

Miss Dazzle. Really!

Lady Henrietta. No—an entire new set of faces—So, I asked her ladyship after her friend, the little Colonel—She said, “they didn't speak now.” “Where is your companion and favorite, Lady Brilliant”—said I.—“Oh! the creature is in debt, said she, and wants me to lend her money.”—“And where is your dear, darling, loving husband,” said I.—“My dear, darling, loving husband lives with an Italian Countess,” says she—“We're divorced, and I am to be married to-morrow, to my old bitter enemy, Sir Francis Fickle—I now think him a most delightful, charming fellow, and believe he's the only real friend I ever had, ha! ha, ha!”

Miss Dazzle. Excellent!

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Lady Henrietta. Yes—its seldom a friendship lasts above a year—Is it, Mr. Warford?

Warford. I hope there are instances, Madam.

Lady Henrietta. So do I, Sir—but I am afraid they are so rare—Heigho! if I don't mind, I shall catch your spleen, and be as grave and sentimental as yourself.

Warford. And why not, madam? Why be ashamed of sentiment? 'Tis true it is the mode to ridicule and laugh at it; but I doubt if fashion and all its fopperies, can find a pleasure to supply its loss.

Lady Henrietta. Vastly well! Didn't I tell you, Miss Dazzle, he could be very pleasant? You really have talents, Mr. Warford; but the worst of them is, they go more to instruction than amusement.

Warford. Then I am satisfied, Lady Henrietta, and if I could convince you that happiness is not to be found, either in the fever of dissipation, or the delusions of a gaming table.

Lady Henrietta. Fie! don't abuse gaming,—the thing I doat on—

Warford. Excuse me, madam;—but if I might advise, you had better never play again.

Lady Henrietta. Oh! monstrous! Why, you tyrant, would you shut me from the world and cloister me in an old castle? If you did, I'd still game—I would, if I betted on the ivy, and took odds on the ravens and rooks—Wou'dn't you, Miss Dazzle?

Miss Dazzle. Me! I'd keep a rookery on purpose.

Lady Henrietta. Ay, that you would—but come—I'm going to meet my uncle, Sir Thomas, at the library—would you believe it? He, too,

too, is so offended at my turning gamester, that he has forbid me his house, and adopted his little God-daughter for his heiress ;—but—let's walk.

Miss Dazzle. With pleasure—we shall see you at Faro in the evening.

Lady Henrietta. Oh certainly—Nay, how you frown now, Mr. Warford? Come, I'll make a bargain with you—if I lose a thousand pounds to-night, I'll promise never to game again—never! because, having nothing left to lose, I must e'en make a virtue of necessity, and reform in spite of myself—Come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Outside of Sir CHARLES DAZZLE'S house.—View of the Sea.*

Enter Sir CHARLES, (followed by a Servant with a Portmanteau.)

Sir Charles. So, once more I'm escaped from the fever of London and got safe back to my favorite sea-port—Take the things in.

[*Exit Servant into house.*

I suppose my sister has so plucked the pigeons in my absence, that there's scarcely a feather left in the town.

—*Enter Miss DAZZLE.*

Miss Dazzle. Welcome from London, brother—I have just left the idol of your heart, the charming Henrietta!—As usual, the banker's nephew was attending her.

Sir Charles. Ay, ay; its all pretty plain—but I won't be scandalous.

C

Miss

Miss Dazzle. Well, if she's his to-day, she'll be yours to-morrow—I have seen Mr. Smalltrade—he talks of becoming a partner, and if you play your cards well, Lady Henrietta will be completely in your power.

Sir Charles. Yes; for when I've won all her money—I can be generous enough to become her protector! [*aside.*] Well, sister, we shall ruin them all; and now-a-days you know you can't do your friend a greater service.

Miss Dazzle. What! than to ruin him!

Sir Charles. To be sure—Where is the ruin'd man that doesn't spend twice the income of the richest citizen in London? Don't many of them have executions in their house in the morning, and give galas at night? An't the very bailiffs turned into servants, and don't they still stake five thousand on a card? Nay, I know a man that has done it all his life.

Miss Dazzle. Do you? Who?

Sir Charles. Myself!—I never had a shilling and I've always lived like a Nabob—And how have I done all this? How, but by hospitality! By entertaining my friends elegantly at one table, and genteelly picking their pockets at another.

Miss Dazzle. Very true; and when we've ruined the banker, his nephew and his visitor, they'll think themselves much obliged to us—But mind and humour Smalltrade, for, without ready money, we can't go on—Who's here?

Sir Charles. (*looking out.*) Where?—Oh! it's a hanger-on of mine—a mere Jackall, who dangles after me in hopes of preferment—I brought him

him from London, thinking he might be useful.

Miss Dazzle. What, is it Pavè?

Sir Charles. The same—The dog has a good heart;—great good humour, and is descended from a respectable family; but in running after people of rank, and high company, he has so reduced his fortune, that he now depends on me to get him promoted.

Miss Dazzle. Ay; I've heard of him—introduce him to a lord, or promise him an appointment, and he'll do any thing to serve you.

Sir Charles. Aye; so great is his furor, that an interview with a Prince, or an audience of a Minister, wou'd turn his brain—but I believe, were he once provided for, he wou'd neither betray his benefactor, nor disgrace his Country.

Enter Pavè, (a long roll of Paper sticking out of his Pocket.)

Pavè, (running up to Sir Charles.) Sir Charles!—hark ye. *(Whispers.)*

Sir Charles. Lord Orville coming home! What then?

Pavè. Then, Lord Orville is your acquaintance, and I am your friend, and—you understand—I'm always ready.

Sir Charles. Pray, sister, have you any interest? If you have, this gentleman, Mr. Pavè—

Miss Dazzle. I shou'd be very happy; but I fancy there is nothing more difficult than to get a place.

Pavè. Yes there is, Ma'am,—to deserve it! And that I deserve it, is evident from my long

list of promises—(*takes out roll of paper*) here it is Ma'am—My four first promises depend on Lord Orville, you see—my next is from you, Baronet.

Miss Dazzle. Pray, Mr. Pavè, do you find that when these great people make you promises, they always keep their words?

Pavè. Oh! Sir Charles will answer you that question, Ma'am—Heh!—Mum! Baronet!

Sir Charles. Nay, Pavè, you know the other day I referr'd you to a man in power.

Pavè. You did;—and he referr'd me to another, who kindly sent me to a third, that politely hurried me to a fourth, till at last I got kicked down stairs by a person who said he knew none of us—You see the scheme is this, Ma'am—Nobody will speak first in your favor, but all promise to second any body who will, because, judging by themselves, they know nobody'll speak at all.

Miss Dazzle. Well, if I was you, Mr. Pavè, I'd try some more public mode of getting preferr'd—For instance now, suppose you advertized.

Pavè. Don't mention it—I did advertize once, and what do you think happened? A gentleman waited upon me, calling himself Lord Sulwin—superb equipage—elegant appearance,—free in his promises—secure in his interest—I bowed, smiled,—gave his lordship a thousand guineas, and he proved to be an attorney! A money lending rascal! And I've never seen or heard of him since!

Sir Charles. An attorney! Ha, ha, ha! Should you know him again?

Pavè. Know him! I shall never forget him, because he did the thing so genteelly as he expressed it—Oh! if I catch him!

Enter SMALLTRADE.

Smalltrade. How d'ye do, Sir Charles? Cousin a word—(taking *Miss Dazzle* aside.) Well, I've made up my mind—I'll enter into your scheme—I'm determined to grow rich.

Miss Dazzle. Ay, I thought you'd see your interest, Mr. Smalltrade.

Smalltrade. I do—I see we shall make fools of them all—At night I'll come and be a looker-on; and now, if you'll step into the house, we'll arrange articles of partnership.

Miss Dazzle. With all my heart—Come, sir.

Smalltrade. A third of the profits remember; and hark ye, as your visitors are so fashionable, I suppose I must make an appearance—look like a gentleman! I can do it, I assure you—but then, how to understand the technicals? to talk like the rest of you? Oh! evil communication will corrupt my good manners—So, come along.

Miss Dazzle. Brother, will you follow? Mr. Pavè, we shall see you in the evening.

[*Exit into house with SMALLTRADE.*]

Pavè. (Stopping *Sir Charles*, who is following) Gad! this must be some great man—Baronet, who is that little fellow.

Sir Charles. A man of very great power—If you'll remind me, I'll introduce you at night.

Pavè. Introduce me! Oh! don't trouble yourself—I can do that myself.

Sir Charles. I believe it—Mind you are useful
now

now—recollect I brought you down to assist in all our schemes—Speak highly of your patron.

Pavè. Ay, and of myself too, Sir Charles: For in this unthinking age, say you're a clever fellow, and every body believes it—They remember they heard you prais'd, and forget where—I know my duty—Success to you, my ever dear, kind patron! —[*Exit Sir CHARLES.* Dirty, shuffling rascal! I've been his dangler these five years, and never got any thing but promises—Oh! if Lord Orville, or even that great little man would befriend me!—I'll get a new patron,—I will! Sir Charles's contemptible tricks are beneath a man of my consequence—I'll about it instantly; and though necessity may make me dependent, it shall never make me mean; for if I can't be promoted, so as to be of service to my country, hang me if I'll be promoted at all. [*Exit.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An elegant Saloon at Sir CHARLES'S—
One door leading to Faro-Room—the other to
Supper-Room.*

Flourish of Clarinets.

Enter WARFORD and Servant.

Warford. Tell Mr. Smalltrade I desire to speak
with him.

Servant. Mr. Smalltrade is engaged, sir—
Looking on at the gaming table.

Warford. Tell him his nephew is come accord-
ing to his orders.

[Exit Servant in Faro-Room.]

'Sdeath! 'tis as I suspected—he has sent for me
to bring articles of partnership between himself
and these impostors—What is to be done? He
is convinced he shall make his fortune by the
undertaking, and so great is his credulity, that
'till he is completely ruined, he will not detect
the imposition—Can I believe it? Yonder he
comes. *(Stands aside.)*

Flourish of Clarinets.

*Enter from Faro-Room, SMALLTRADE full-dress'd,
banding in Miss DAZZLE.*

Miss Dazzle. Well, Mr. Smalltrade, how do
you like Faro? Don't you see it's the way to get
money?

Smalltrade.

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Smalltrade. I do—I see my fortune's made.
(*Turns about.*) Heh! What do you think?
Sha'n't I do? Don't I look like one of us?
(*Struts about.*)

Miss Dazzle. You do indeed.

Smalltrade. I've learnt all your cant words too—I'm not a greenhorn or a flat—I'm an old rook and a black legs!—Just like you and your brother.

Miss Dazzle. Well, but Mr. Smalltrade!—the music—gaming—the company—Altogether, isn't it a most enchanting amusement?

Smalltrade. It is indeed—and Faro's a monstrous pretty game. Cousin, do you know I'd a great mind to have had a touch myself.

Miss Dazzle. How! you play, sir!

Smalltrade. I don't know how it was—I felt an odd, ticklish sensation—a sort of itching at the end of my fingers, and presently I caught myself putting a guinea on a card.

Miss Dazzle. Well, but you took it up again.

Smalltrade. No, I didn't—I let it lay, and somebody else took it up for me.

Miss Dazzle. What, you lost it?

Smalltrade. I did—I lost my guinea! Oh! it's a sweet game! I don't wonder at the money rolling in—But where's the supper?

Miss Dazzle. Yonder.

Smalltrade. So it is—What a feast for the senses! Eyes, ears, taste, feeling, all gratified!—But hold, hold—By the law of the land don't we come under the vagrant act? Mayn't a justice of the peace send you, I, and all the noble host of Faro to be whipt at the cart's tail?

Miss

Miss Dazzle. You forget—Gold makes justice blind.

Smalltrade. True—that's another way of growing rich—But where's Warford? I wish Warford would bring the articles.

Miss Dazzle. There he is, fir—I'll leave you to talk to him—for in the next room, they can do no more without me, than I can without them. Adieu! Call me when you want me.

[*Exit.*

WARFORD *advances.*

Smalltrade. Well, fir, what do you stare at? Does the splendor of my dress surprize you, or are you angry because I want to grow rich? Where are the articles, fir?

Warford. They are not yet finished, fir.

Smalltrade. Look ye, fir; you think this bank isn't so good as mine; but I'd have you know they have ten times our customers. People will game, fir.

Warford. Will they, fir?

Smalltrade. Yes; there's a curst, ticklish sensation makes a man game whether he will or not; then, when I give turtle and venison at home, I'm obliged to pay for it myself; but here egad! they make other people pay for it: and a couple of lemons squeez'd into a quart of water, will fetch twenty guineas a tumbler!—But, George, now, isn't this a most delicious scene? The supper! Look at the supper, you dog! Doesn't the very smell make you happy?

Warford. Sir, I am sorry to see you so imposed upon.

Smalltrade. Imposed upon!

Warford. Yes, fir—If you have any feeling for yourself, regard for me, or affection for

D

Lady

Lady Henrietta, who is plac'd under your protection, you will refuse to countenance such infamous designs—They will draw you into the partnership, rob you of your fortune, and laugh at you for your folly.

Smalltrade. Indeed!

Warford. Yes, sir; and without your assistance they must fall to the ground; for though they make large sums every night—they contrive to spend 'em every day.

Smalltrade. Oh! then they do make large sums, do they?

Warford. Certainly—But how is it done? By perverting the laws of hospitality—by annihilating the bonds of society, and under the specious mask of rank and character, perpetrating crimes that common sharpers are excluded from.

Smalltrade. What's that to you or me? If the money's made, it's quite enough to satisfy my conscience! So, go, sir—finish the articles of partnership, and bring them instantly.

Warford. Oh, sir! consider—Even now perhaps Lady Henrietta is falling a victim to their artifices, and if you join the confederacy, all—all will be undone!

Smalltrade. Go, sir—no reply—I must and will be obeyed.

[Exit WARFORD.]

Senseless flat! While I can fill my stomach in one room, and my pockets in the other, what do I care for him or Henrietta? But now to take a peep, just to see who's losing. (*Looks in Faro-Room.*)

Enter

Enter Pavè.

Pavè. Really, this is a most shocking business—I'm told they've drawn in their relation, a silly country banker—Sir Charles brought me down to be useful, but no prospect of advantage to myself, shall ever induce me to take part in a bad administration.—Ha! yonder's that little great man—Now, if I can but coax him into my list of promises! Sir, your most obedient.

Smalltrade. Sir, your most devoted.

Pavè. I see, sir, you're a friend of my patron, Sir Charles—And, next to being a man of rank one's self, I know nothing like living amongst them—Where does your interest lay, sir?

Smalltrade. My interest! Who the deuce is this?

Pavè. I wish I knew his title. (*aside.*) Pray be seated, sir. (*They sit.*) Now, sir. (*Taking out his roll of promises.*) Look at that list of promises! Many of your noble friends, you see, sir—but nothing done! Nothing!

Smalltrade. Many of my noble friends! Oh! what, you want promotion, do you?—My dear sir, I've no influence.

Pavè. Excuse me, sir—I know better—Do you think I can't tell a great man when I see him? (*SMALLTRADE looks pleas'd.*) Besides, when was it that such manners, such an appearance, and such a style of dress cou'dn't command every thing. (*SMALLTRADE looks more pleas'd.*) My dear sir, you remind me of the old court, you do indeed—Of an old bedchamber lord.

Smalltrade. (greatly pleas'd) Bedchamber lord! Ay; I'm very upright. (*Holds up his head.*)

Pavè. Perhaps you are diffident, fir—never applied.

Smalltrade. Why, that's very true—I never did ask a man in power a favour, never—I've a great mind to try.

Pavè. Do—make the experiment, and by way of founding, get a small snug appointment for me, before you ask a grand one for yourself.

Smalltrade. I will—I'll get a little one for you, and a great one for myself—Was there ever such a delicious scene? How riches do pour in upon me!

Pavè. Riches! Why, did the scheme never strike you before?

Smalltrade. Never—And I'm amazed I cou'd be such a greenhorn. (*rises.*) Oh! I'll go and ask Sir Charles directly.

Pavè. Ask Sir Charles! Pooh! he's only one hope himself.

Smalltrade. One hope! What's that?

Pavè. Why, don't you know? As we're alone I'll tell you—There's a country banker—They've drawn in the old greenhorn to be a partner!

Smalltrade. What!

Pavè. He'll stop payment of course, and as he's not a man of character—only a little sneaking, shuffling shopman.—For my part I'm glad on't, an't you, fir?

Smalltrade. Indeed I am not, fir.—So, he's to be a bankrupt, is he?

Pavè. Certainly—I shall, perhaps, be one of his

his creditors—But between you and I, I sha'n't sign his certificate.

Smalltrade. You won't sign his certificate!

Pavè. No—what business has a tradesman to turn black legs? To be sure he won't sneak into the Gazette like a tailor or a tallow-chandler for a paltry hundred or so! No—he'll preserve his dignity! Fail like a gentleman for thirty or forty thousand pounds—You take the joke, don't you?

Smalltrade. No, dam'me if I do? And they mean to ruin him do they?

Pavè. Ruin him! Oh! it's all settled! Sir Charles told me he saw him lose a guinea just now—"Poor devil," says he, "he little thinks how near it is his last." Ha, ha, ha! (*Walks up the stage.*)

Re-enter WARFORD (with the Articles).

Warford. According to your commands, sir, I have brought you the articles.

Smalltrade. Have you? Then thus I tear them. (*Taking and tearing them.*) George, I ask your pardon—I'm so ashamed, yet so gratified, that though that impudent dog has insulted me, I can't help liking him for having open'd my eyes.

Pavè. (coming down stage) Well!—have you thought—Oh, mum—applying to a friend!—That's right—stick close to every body.

Smalltrade. Did you ever hear such a fellow? But come, let's return home, and instead of this new-fangled mode of getting money, we'll grow rich the old way—By honesty and industry, my boy.

Warford.

Warford. Stay, sir—think that Lady Henrietta is still in danger, and sure you will not leave the house till she is released.

Smalltrade. What can I do, George? Neither you nor I can persuade her, and unless her father, Lord Orville, were here——

Pavè. Lord Orville! That's the man! He can settle us all—Oh! I wish I knew how to oblige him.

Warford. Do you, sir? Then, his daughter, Lady Henrietta, is now at the gaming table, and if you will but save her as you have this gentleman, I'll answer for it, her father will reward you.

Pavè. Reward me! my dear sir, when a lady's in distress, do you think I care who or what her father is? Lord Orville's daughter! Whugh! Here's an opportunity! Oh! I'll go find her out directly.

Warford. Be cautious, sir—for if Sir Charles discovers your intentions——

Pavè. What then, sir? Do you suppose I'm influenced by any but people of merit and distinction? Such as Lord Orville, and your elegant friend, my graceful bedchamber lord, who, I know, will not forget the snug appointment—Where shall I conduct the lady?

Smalltrade. We'll wait below—And, d'ye hear—Tell Miss Dazzle not to forget to fleece the country banker.

Pavè. I will—And shew Sir Charles I'm a man of real consequence. Adieu! wait here a moment, and you'll see the little tradesman come out howling! But it won't do—I sha'n't sign his certificate! Ha, ha, ha!

Smalltrade.

Smalltrade. By this time he's lost his last guinea, ha, ha, ha!

[*Exit Pavè.*

Come, George, let's go wait below, and depend on't, that fellow will extricate Henrietta—What an odd dog! He seems so anxious for preferment, that I've a great mind to turn away my under clerk on purpose to give him a place.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Apartment at Sir Charles's.*

Sir CHARLES and Lady HENRIETTA, discovered at Cards.

Sir Charles. Point—Sixty.

Lady Henrietta. Good.

Sir Charles. Sixieme major.

Lady Henrietta. Good.

Sir Charles. Quatorze.

Lady Henrietta. Good—(*rises*) I'll play no more—Never was such a series of ill luck—Well, Sir Charles, what have I lost?

Sir Charles. Oh, a trifle! Never think of it, Lady Henrietta.

Lady Henrietta. Nay, you may as well seal my doom at once—Come!

Sir Charles. Well, if you insist—Here are your notes for money lent at Faro, one thousand pounds, and what I have now won is five hundred, making in the whole fifteen hundred pounds.

Lady

Lady Henrietta. A very pleasant trifle! But don't imagine I can't pay you, sir, don't—

Sir Charles. Nay, allow me to relieve you at once—Take back the notes, forget the debt, and think me amply paid, if but a smile the return.

Lady Henrietta. No, Sir Charles—I cannot consent to be so obliged—'Tis true, my imprudence has involved me beyond all hope of being extricated, and my father is abroad, and my uncle won't protect me!—Yet, sir!—

Sir Charles. Lady Henrietta, I know your situation, and feel for you—therefore let me intreat you to accept the notes, and when you want a protector, you know where to find one.

Lady Henrietta. A protector, sir!

Sir Charles. Be not alarm'd—You know my intentions are honourable, and since you have no other friend to protect you—

Lady Henrietta. Sir, I deserve this, amply deserve it—I might have known, when a woman turns gamester, her fortune is the least she loses. The society vilifies her feelings—the fatigue ruins her health and understanding, and when she has nothing left to stake, her pride is insulted, and even her honor made a sport of!

Sir Charles. How you mistake me! Because I profess to be your friend, you suppose me your enemy—My sister is in the next room waiting to receive you—You will not leave my house?

Lady Henrietta. Am I made a prisoner then? Heavens! how have I sunk myself!

Sir Charles. Pray be composed—I will place you under my sister's care—She shall decide whether I deserve your affections—Come, come, be calm—*(taking her hand)* Consider, where wou'd you go?

Lady

Lady Henrietta. Any where, so I leave your house—Don't imagine I have no friends, Sir.

Sir Charles. I am your friend, and feel your interest too much to part with you—Nay, you must—You shall be persuaded—(*holds and detains her.*)

Enter Pavè.

Pavè. So, heaven be prais'd, I have found you at last, phugh! (*puffing himself.*)

Sir Charles. What brings you here?

Pavè. To be useful—Ma'am, your most obedient—What! at your old tricks, my boy? (*Smacks Sir Charles on the back and points to cards.*)

Sir Charles. Hush! don't you see I'm busy!

Pavè. Mum! don't expose yourself—Lady Henrietta, I rejoice—Oh! what a likeness of her father!

Sir Charles. 'Sdeath! What do you mean, fir?

Pavè. Mean! that we were born to protect women, not insult them, and while I wear a sword, they shall never want a champion! I tell you what, fir—Your behaviour has been lately very offensive, and if the lady will give me leave, I'll conduct her to a little great man who is waiting to receive her.

Lady Henrietta. As I live its Mr. Smalltrade! Yonder I see him.

Sir Charles. Come here, fir—Answer me, is this your gratitude?

Pavè. Gratitude! Now, observe, Ma'am—I have been his dangler these five years—I've waited whole hours in the streets, only to catch a smile from him—dined at his side-table, and got nothing to eat but scraps and offals—talk'd of his gallantries, confirm'd his gasconades, and

E

laugh'd

laugh'd at his jokes, though he knows he never cut one in his life—But now,—come, my sweet lady.

Sir Charles. Lady Henrietta, will you trust yourself with that reptile?

Lady Henrietta. With any body rather than Sir Charles Dazzle.

Pavè. You hear, Baronet, you hear! The reptile's not so contemptible—And to shew my condescension—Hark ye—I'll speak to Lord Orville for you—Make out a list of promises—put his lordship at the head, and in the course of five years, if he don't provide for you, I will! I will, if it's only to shew you, that one man of rank can be more useful than another, you see—Come, Madam.

Sir Charles. Confusion! Am I outwitted? Made a laughing stock of?

Enter Miss DAZZLE.

Miss Dazzle. So, Sir Charles, have you seen that blockhead, Pavè?

Sir Charles. Blockhead! villain!

Miss Dazzle. He has undone all my schemes on the banker.

Sir Charles. And mine on Lady Henrietta.

Miss Dazzle. You brought him to be useful, didn't you?

Sir Charles. I did; and he has completely answered my expectations! Well, sister, if ruin is the road to happiness, we are the merriest couple—Lady Henrietta shall not escape however—William!

Enter

Enter a Servant.

Go to Mr. Latitat's—Tell him to come to me directly.

Miss Dazzle. To your attorney's, brother.

Sir Charles. Yes; I'll leave her to the law now—In the mean time, let's to Mr. Smalltrade—There's a vacancy in the borough, and if I can secure his interest, and gain the election, I'll sell my tables, leave off hospitality, reform and live like a gentleman! [*Exeunt.*]

END OF ACT II.

E 2 - ACT

A C T III.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment at SMALLTRADE'S.**Lady HENRIETTA discovered sitting at a Toilette.*

Lady Henrietta. So, the day of reckoning is at last arrived; and here I sit forgotten by my father, neglected by my uncle Sir Thomas, and unpitied by every body—Even Mr. Pavè has avoided me—finding Lord Orville was offended with me, he retired, saying he wou'd give me no further trouble—Alas! how, how have I involved myself?

Enter BETTY.

Betty. Lord, Ma'am, I'm frighten'd out of my senses—What do you think Sir Charles has done?

Lady Henrietta. What, Betty?

Betty. He has employ'd a gentleman, who, he says, will get the money from you directly—An attorney, Ma'am.

Lady Henrietta. An attorney!

Betty. Yes, your ladyship—Sir Charles insists he lent you a thousand pounds.

Lady Henrietta. So he did, Betty—He lent it first and won it afterwards—Have you seen Mr. Warford?

Betty. I have, Ma'am, and—(*hesitating.*)

Lady Henrietta. And what, Betty?

Betty. When I told him your distress, my lady, and said you wou'd thank him to lend you
6 a hundred

a hundred pounds to convey you abroad, he made no reply.

Lady Henrietta. No!

Betty. No, Ma'am—but left the room instantly.

Lady Henrietta. This wounds me more than all! That Warford shou'd desert me! Yet why do I upbraid him! He warn'd me of my danger, and now, too justly shuns me for my folly.

Betty. Lord, don't fret about it, my lady—Who knows but this lawyer may prove a very gentlemanlike man—Talk of old friends—Give me a new acquaintance, I say! (*Loud knocking.*) Here he is, Ma'am! Here's the attorney—(*looks out*) Upon my word! What an elegant equipage! See, Ma'am! A handsome phaeton and two Servants on horseback.

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Ma'am, here's a gentleman in a phaeton, who says his name is Latitat.

Lady Henrietta. Shew him in.

[*Exeunt Betty, and Servant.*]

Really this must be a strange kind of an attorney; but in these days, nothing surprizes!

Enter LATITAT in an elegant Morning Dress.

Latitat. Let my carriage wait—Ma'am, your most obedient.

Lady Henrietta. Pray be seated, sir—(*they sit*) I'm told, sir, you have some law-business.

Latitat. I have, Ma'am—but no hurry about that—I always do the thing genteelly—Pray, Ma'am, were you at the last grand meeting of archers?

Lady Henrietta. No, sir, I was not.

Latitat.

Latitat. That's unlucky—I got the verdict—That is, I won the prize—hit the bull's eye—carried off the beugle-horn—Here it is—(*puts his hand in wrong pocket and takes out papers*) No—that's a bill in Chancery—Here, Ma'am—(*pulls out beugle-horn*) received it from the lady patroness—kiss'd her hand—proclaim'd victor—march'd in procession—colours flying—music playing—clients huzzaing! Did the thing genteelly, Ma'am!

Lady Henrietta. Indeed, sir, you were very fortunate.

Latitat. Oh, I'm a nice fellow, Ma'am!—Then at cricket—last grand match—got sixty notches—the Peer run out—the Baron stumpr, and the General knock'd down his own wicket—I was long-stop—famous at a long-stop, Ma'am—cricket or law! ball or debtor! Let neither slip through my fingers! heh, Ma'am! do the thing genteelly.

Lady Henrietta. So it seems—But, pray, sir, how can you follow the law amidst such a confusion of professions?

Latitat. Law and confusion are the same thing, Ma'am—Then I write my own songs, draw my own pleadings, ride my own races—To be sure I never won one in my life—but then I always rode like a gentleman! Heh, Ma'am! do the thing genteelly.

Lady Henrietta. Certainly—But now, may we talk about my business?

Latitat. Don't alarm yourself—that's all settled—My friend will be here presently—he'll shew you every accommodation.

Enter

Enter Servant.

Servant. A gentleman in a curricie, Ma'am.

Latitat. In a curricie! Oh! that's my friend—Shew him in. [*Exit Servant.*

Now here! here's another proof of my talents! When I came to this town, Ma'am, little Nab hadn't a shilling! I learnt him the practice—Now he lives in style, drives his carriage, and will lend you a thousand pounds.

Lady Henrietta. Will he, sir? I'm very much oblig'd to him.

Enter NAB, (Smarthly dress'd).

Nab. (*Speaks as he enters*) Put clothes on the horses, and raise the top of the curricie that the lady mayn't catch cold.

Latitat. Mr. Nab, Lady Henrietta—Lady Henrietta, Mr. Nab—There! make your bow—(*Nab bows affectedly*) And now shake hands.

Lady Henrietta. Shake hands, sir!

Latitat. Yes—Let him do the thing genteelly—(*Nab gently touches her hand*) There! the business is settled! You're arrested at the suit of Sir Charles Dazzle, and little Nab will drive you away in his curricie.

Lady Henrietta. Arrested!

Latitat. Lord, don't be uneasy—his house is a palace—full of the best furniture, the best wines; and I give you my honor, the best company! You'll find some very fashionable people there—Some of your intimate friends—heh, Nab!

Nab. Yes, Ma'am, and I entertain my company so superbly, that when they leave my house, its always in good humour, I assure you—Be-
fides

sides we can make up a Faro bank—every thing in style.

Lady Henrietta. This it is to be deluded into the vortex of dissipation—May it be a lesson to my sex, and prove how short the distance is, from the gay associates of high life to the low companions of my present hour—But since it must be so—Since I have no friend to succour or protect me, I must, perforce, submit—Come, sirs, conduct me.

Enter WARFORD.

Warford. Where are you going, gentlemen?

Latitat. To take the lady an airing, sir—Will you join the party?

Lady Henrietta. Mr. Warford, I little expected to see you here—The gentleman who reproved me in prosperity is at least consistent in shunning me in adversity.

Warford. What is your demand, sir? (*To LATITAT.*)

Latitat. Nab, shew the writ.

Nab. The debt and costs are one thousand and twenty pounds.

Warford. Here is the money then. (*Gives LATITAT bank notes.*)

Latitat. The what!

Warford. There are bank notes for the sum.

Latitat. (*counting them*) So there are—Why, this is doing the thing genteelly—Nab!

Nab. Amazing!

Warford. What do you stare at, sir?

Latitat. Excuse us, sir, we are a little surpriz'd to be sure; for when my friend and I do shake hands with people of Fashion, we generally pass some time with them.

Warford.

Warford. No matter, sir, the debt is discharged, so begone.

Latitat. Begone!

Warford. Yes; leave the room instantly.

Latitat. Leave the room! Is this language to a gentleman?

Warford. Gentleman! Away! 'Tis such pertifoggers as you that disgrace the profession—That live on the miseries of the unfortunate, and, in a land of freedom, mutilate laws that are the guardians of liberty—Harkye, sir, were I a barrister or judge——

Latitat. Barrister or judge! Pooh! they can't do the thing so genteelly as we can.

Nab. No! I'll give a dinner with any judge in England.

Latitat. I'd rather be an attorney than Chief Justice.

Nab. And I a bailiff than High Chancellor.

Warford. Very likely: but I insist——

Latitat. Certainly—we're going, sir—Good day, ma'am—We live in hopes! Here! where's my phaeton and servants?

Nab. Call up my curricie and followers! Good day, ma'am!

Latitat. If any future accident shou'd happen either to you or that gentleman, we shall be always happy to give you an airing. Come along, Nab—Barrister or judge! Pooh!—*(looks at notes)* Oh what a pleasure it is to do the thing genteelly! *[Exit with NAB.]*

Warford. Now, Lady Henrietta, I hope your fears are at an end.

Lady Henrietta. No, Mr. Warford, they are rather increas'd; for if I am to be reliev'd at

F

another's

another's expence—to whom, sir, am I thus indebted?

Warford. You'll know hereafter—At present be satisfied with being told that the instant I heard of your distress, I flew to your uncle, Sir Thomas Roundhead—He forgave you all that had pass'd, found a friend that advanced the money, and now waits with open arms to receive you.

Lady Henrietta. Is he my benefactor? Does the old lord of the manor for once forget his game to relieve a gamester?

Warford. I found him in close conversation with his god-daughter Rosa, whose father is parson of the parish.

Lady Henrietta. Mr. Medium!

Warford. The same—The late minister being dead, Sir Thomas had just got the living for Mr. Medium, and was in such high joy, that he begg'd I'd bring you instantly—He said he was just going to sit as magistrate, but by the time we got there, the justice business wou'd be over.

Lady Henrietta. And if he has no poacher to try for snaring his game, we shall find him in the same good humour you left him—Come, Mr. Warford—Oh! you are indeed a friend; and had I earlier listened to your kind advice—but it's all over—The recollection of those two genteel men so terrifies me, that if I game again, I hope I shall be compell'd to take an airing with the one, and shake hands with the other.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE II.—*An old Hall, hung with Stags' Horns, Family Pictures, &c.*

Clerk discovered sitting at a Table—A Chair above it.

Two Constables ;—a young Woman, a young Man, and HIPPY discovered.

Clerk. Stand back—Stand back—his worship the justice approaches.

Enter Sir THOMAS ROUNDHEAD.

Sir Thomas. Od, I'm so happy! Old Medium has got the living, and I've given Rosa a holiday—I know she can't kill a bird, so I've put a gun in her hand, and sent her out with the gamekeeper, to beat the outskirts, and drive the game in—Well, Formal, (*To Clerk*) what complaints? (*ascends his chair*) Any thing about the manor?

Clerk. Please your worship (*woman advances*) This poor woman is deserted by her husband and left on the parish—The man is a footman, and has been detected in open nem. con. with an old widow.

Sir Thomas. Don't talk to me about Nem. Con.—Hav'n't I told you not to let my delicacy be shocked with any improper charges? Take her away—Any body else?

Clerk. Please your worship, (*man advances*) this poor man is a labourer, and has five children to maintain—But he has been so beaten and bruised by 'Squire Sturdy, that he can't work for his family.

Sir Thomas. Serve him right—Why didn't he get out of his way, when he knew the 'Squire was so fond of boxing that he must have practice to keep his hand in—Dismiss him—Any thing more?

Clerk. Nothing of any consequence, your worship—Only young Hippy, the miller's son, here—an honest, industrious young man, was found by the gamekeeper with a hare under his arm.

Sir Thomas. With what?

Clerk. With a hare on your manor.

Sir Thomas. On my manor! (*comes from his seat*) Oh you assassin! Nothing of any consequence indeed! Why, what's nem. con.—crim. con.—or pro. and con. to the shedding innocent blood? You dog! speak—answer me—What have you to say for yourself?

Clerk. (*to HIPPY*) Speak to the magistrate.

Hippy. Please your majesty—

Sir Thomas. Please my what!

Hippy. Please your majesty, I'll tell you all about it—The other morning, as I was crossing the whoat stubble, along with old Nicholas—You know old Nick, your honour—

Sir Thomas. Curse old Nick—go on.

Hippy. Na—don't you hurry me—I seed something in the corn going a tittup, a tittup, a tittup—So, says I—"Say nothing, Nicky, and we'll see what it is."—And presently there came within my legs, as fine a large banging hare as ever you clapt your two most gracious eyes upon.

Sir Thomas. Well, firrah!

Hippy. So, knowing as how such great beasts only devour'd the corn and barley off your majesty's

jesty's manor—I kept him tight between my legs, and squeezing him in this way—Look'ee! (*puts his hat between his legs*) I pinch'd him by little and little, 'till at last a got the staggers, and then says I, “Now, old Nick, knock his brains out.”

Sir Thomas. You did, did you?

Hippy. Yes, that I did; and Nicky kept his word—For there a lay as dead and lifeless—I'cod it wou'd have done your heart good to see Nicky and I laughing, he, he, he!

Sir Thomas. And it will do my heart good to see Nicky and you hanging, he, he, he! (*mimicking*)—Seize him—take him to jail.

[*Constables seize him.*]

Hippy. To jail!

Sir Thomas. Ay; I'll learn you to poach on my manor.

Hippy. Oh Lord! why, your honour was just now pleas'd to pardon 'Squire Sturdy for almost killing a man; and here I'm to be tuck'd up for only squeezing a hare!—Odraten! this can't be justice,

Rosa sings without “Hark away,” &c.

Sir Thomas. Ah! here's my little god-daughter!—She never kill'd any game; and if she had been out that day, she'd have scar'd the hare away.

Enter Rosa singing, and followed by two Game-keepers, with quantities of Hares, Pheasants, and Partridges.

Rosa. Come along, William—Shew my god-papa what sport we've had!—There! (*Game-keepers*)

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keepers throw down game) An't I a nice little sportsman?

Hippy. Icod, if my neck's to be twisted, what's to become of hers?

Rosa. Why, you don't look pleas'd, Sir Thomas—Perhaps you don't think I've kill'd half enough?

Sir Thomas. Yes I do—Oh! h! h! (*looking at the game.*)

Rosa. Nay, consider, Sir Thomas, it's very well for a young beginner; but I tell you what, I'll soon make you happy—let me go out again to-morrow, and I won't leave a single hare, pheasant, or partridge, on the manor.

Hippy. Doey—doey, your majesty, and let me go wi' her.

Sir Thomas. Come—I'll soon settle this business—Constable, take that poacher to the county jail—No words—take him directly.

Hippy. Dang it, if ever I squeeze a hare again—Good day, Miss—Odraten! I suppose you and old Nick will soon come after me.

[*Constables force him off.*]

Sir Thomas. And, now, William, do you take the other poacher to the parsonage-house.

Rosa. To the parsonage-house, sir!

Sir Thomas. Ay, to your father's—You jade, I'm tir'd of your follies—You know I took you from the parson's, that you might get well married—but you cou'dn't hit the mark.

Rosa. No: but I hit the birds; ay, and mark'd 'em too—However, I know why you're angry with me—You've made it up with your niece, Lady Henrietta, and because I could'n't marry some great man, who might have got you

you new manors, and all that—You mean to try what she can do.

Sir Thomas. Yes, she shall be my heiress now—
So go home, Miss.

Rosa. Well, I don't care—I know where the game lies, and while there's a feather on the manor I won't want a day's sport, depend on't.

SONG.

Ah, cruel Sir Thomas! to abandon your promise,

And leave Rosa, poor girl, to lament;

But take honor and gold, and your favour withhold,

You cannot take health and content.

While my dogs at the dawn

Brush the dew from the lawn,

Sniff the scent of the game,

And our spirits inflame,

Through thickets or stubbles

Their courage redoubles;

Then checking their speed—"Heh, Basso, take heed!"

Oh! Sir Thomas Roundhead! Pop, your game it is dead!

I can hit well my man, and a lover trepan,

Yet Amazon like I will be,

As sure as a gun, from each suitor I'll run,

But the hero who overcomes me.

While my dogs, &c.

[Exit with Gamekeepers.]

Enter Lady HENRIETTA.

Lady Henrietta. My dear uncle!

Sir

Sir Thomas. My dear niece ! I rejoice to see you—Mr. Warford told you, I suppose.

Lady Henrietta. He did indeed, Sir Thomas, and the thousand pounds you sent me was the most critical, fortunate——

Sir Thomas. The thousand pounds !

Lady Henrietta. Yes—but for that I had been living in a palace, viewing the best furniture, tasting the best wines, and keeping the best company in the world.

Sir Thomas. My dear girl, I sent you no thousand pounds.

Lady Henrietta. No !

Sir Thomas. No—The young gentleman, indeed, told me you wanted money, but I had none by me—Mine's all in the country bank—all lock'd up—Smalltrade never pays in specie—And as to his five pound notes, they're like French assignats ! Dam'me, a good old English guinea's worth a thousand of 'em ! This I told Mr. Warford, and he said he himself could find a friend to advance it.

Lady Henrietta. Generous, disinterested man ! But how, how am I to repay him ?

Sir Thomas. I'll tell you—I have quarrell'd with that huffey, Rosa, and as I wish to have a senator for my heir, I mean to get you well married—Nay, I have a husband already in my eye.

Lady Henrietta. Have you, sir ?

Sir Thomas. Yes ; there is a vacancy in the borough, and the new member shall have your hand and my estate.

Lady Henrietta. And pray, sir, who is likely to be my representative ?

Sir

Sir Thomas. There is only one candidate at present, and he is an old admirer of your's, and an old friend of mine,—Sir Charles Dazzle.

Lady Henrietta. Sir Charles Dazzle!

Sir Thomas. Yes; he's a man of rank and talents; and if we may judge by his style of living, he's the richest Baronet in England—But now, let's in to dinner and talk further—Oh! when Sir Charles has married you, he shall do me three such favors—All relating to my own estate.

Lady Henrietta. And what are they, sir?

Sir Thomas. You shall hear—The first is, to turn the road, and send my neighbours half a mile round—The second is to enclose the common, and keep it all to myself—The third, is to cut a canal right through the town, and build powder-mills on the banks! This, my dear girl, will double my rentall, and this is my way of growing rich!

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF ACT III.

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A C T

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ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Sir THOMAS's Park.—View of his House, Garden, Ponds, &c.*

Enter Sir CHARLES DAZZLE, and two Servants.

Sir Charles. Knock at the gate and announce my arrival. [*Exit* Servant.]

So, Lady Henrietta has not escaped me yet—Hearing Sir Thomas meant to provide for her, I instantly wrote to him and offer'd her marriage—this he agreed to, supposing my fortune will ensure the election.—As to that wretch Pavè—I just now met the mad rascal running full speed after a nobleman's carriage.

2. *Servant.* Yonder is Mr. Pavè, sir.

Sir Charles. Ay, meditating on the drawing-rooms of princes, and the levees of ministers.

Re-enter Servant.

Servant. Sir Thomas is waiting to receive you, sir.

Sir Charles. Shew me the way—Now here, here's another proof that ruin is the road to riches; for without having an acre of my own, I am going to take possession of the largest estate in the county—Poor Sir Thomas! poor Henrietta! I'll soon convince them, that now-a-days people live better without money than with it.

[*Exit.*]

Enter

Enter WARFORD and Lady HENRIETTA.

Lady Henrietta. How can I thank you, sir? Nay, don't deny your generosity—I have learnt all from Sir Thomas—And tell me honestly, Mr. Warford, have you not by extricating me involved yourself?

Warford. No, Lady Henrietta; I gain'd this money by easy, honorable means; out of an annuity of two hundred pounds, allowed me these ten years past by my uncle, I have by frugality and prudence annually saved a moiety—saved it to befriend me in the hour of danger! And if it has assisted you, how great and ample is my recompence! But think not of that—think of Sir Charles Dazzle—What brings him to Sir Thomas's?

Lady Henrietta. The worst of purposes—he comes to be my husband! Sir Thomas has accepted his proposals, and in my father's absence I have no friend to protect me but you—Oh, Mr. Warford! little did I think, when I entered my uncle's house, I shou'd again be in the power of such an enemy.

Warford. Nor shall you be—I'll see Sir Thomas instantly—expose Sir Charles's villainies.

Lady Henrietta. That wou'd be useless—Alas! there is but one way—and that is so difficult—so uncertain! You know in consequence of my imprudence, Sir Thomas had adopted Rosa for his heiress.

Warford. He had.

Lady Henrietta. Previous to my arrival, he quarrel'd with her, and sent her back to the parsonage-house—Now, as I know the old gentleman only wants a man of rank to inherit his

estate, the way to save me, wou'd be to restore Rosa to his favour.

Warford. I understand—But how—how is that to be accomplished?

Lady Henrietta. By seeing her father, the minister of the parish, by persuading him to interfere for his daughter—if he succeeds—

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Your uncle and Sir Charles Dazzle request your ladyship's company.

Lady Henrietta. Is it possible? Am I forced to meet the man who has so insulted me? To be under the same roof with him, and at last be doom'd to marry him?

Warford. Talk not of it—I'll endeavour to restore Rosa to your uncle's favor. Tell me, fir, (*to Servant.*) where does the clergyman live?

Servant. What, the new minister, Mr. Mediun, fir?

Warford. Yes.

Servant. He lives across the field at the White House, fir.

Warford. Then I'll wait on him, and return to you instantly.

Lady Henrietta. Adieu, Mr. Warford! Oh, now more than ever, I feel the effect of my follies! Had I like him, grown rich by prudence and œconomy, I might ere this have fixed my own choice, and instead of being united to a man I detest, I might have found one who would have loved and honored me! But as it is,—farewell, fir—We shall soon meet again. [*Exit.*]

Warford. Farewell, Lady Henrietta. Dis- traction! Must that villain triumph over her!

No, I'll not lose a moment—I'll see this minister. (*Going.*)

Enter Pavè, (who stops him).

Pavè. See the minister! What, in that dress? Pooh! you can't get an audience.

Warford. Excuse me, sir—I've the most important business—

Pavè. Why, he's in town I tell you.

Warford. He's in the neighbourhood I tell you, and where I must and will see him. So, stand back and don't detain me from an interview that makes or mars my peace for ever.

[*Pushes Pavè aside, and exit.*]

Pavè. In the neighbourhood! The minister in the neighbourhood! Impossible! This is not his county—And yet—he's on a visit perhaps, or on a secret expedition! If he should, and I can catch his eye! Get a squeeze, a nod, or a smile, and at last wheedle him into my list of promises! whugh!

Enter HIPPY.

Hippy. Odraten! I've made my escape—Miss Rosa spoke to her father, who spoke to Sir Thomas, and now if I can find Mr. Medium, and thank him—Pray, sir, have you seen the minister?

Pavè. There! Have I seen the minister? They're all after him.

Hippy. He has saved me and Nicky—But here's his daughter, Miss Rosa.

Pavè. His daughter! The minister's daughter! My dear fellow, take this—(*gives him money.*) and d'ye hear? Speak to her in my favor—

Speak

46 HOW TO GROW RICH:

Speak highly of me—hint I'm of the old Norman blood.

Hippy. What blood?

Pavè. The old Norman blood!—You understand, mum! You understand—

Enter Rosa.

Rosa. Its a shame! to turn me out of the house and adopt Lady Henrietta, and all because I cou'dn't marry a great man! Faith, I've a great mind to run away with churchwarden—I have, and—Bless me! What pretty looking gentleman's this?

Hippy. Miss, he wishes to say a word to you—*(whispers her.)* he's an old Norman blood. [*Exit.*

Pavè. *(aside.)* To use her father's language I wish the budget was open'd, Ma'am! *(bowing.)*

Rosa. *(curtysying.)* Lord what a charming man!

Pavè. She smiles upon me—now then for the ways and means.—Oh you paragon! 'Till I throw myself at your father's feet, allow me to fall at yours! *(kneeling.)* And thus, and thus—*(kissing her hand)* to swear allegiance to you, your fire and your whole august family.

Rosa. Was there ever such an elegant creature!

Pavè. Here let me swear to ratify the treaty of alliance, to cement the family-compact, and preserve the balance of power as long as I live.

Rosa. Dear, how he must adore me! I can't stand it much longer.

Pavè. Never will I rise till you sign preliminary articles; 'till you swear you believe me
your

your faithful ally, your leagued confederate, and ever loyal vassal.

Rosa. (kneeling by him.) I do! I do! And moreover I swear that I honor the Norman race more than my own! And sooner than such a sweet looking gentleman should break his heart for me, faith!—I'll run away with him directly.

Pavè. What! Let me taste that treasury of charms?

Rosa. Yes.

Pavè. And carry off that exchequer of excellence?

Rosa. I would! I would! this very hour I would!

Pavè. Huzza! huzza! I'm the Prime Minister's son.

Rosa. What! (*rising.*)

Pavè. I'm the Minister's son! Now let Lord Orville bow to the ground—Let Sir Charles Dazzle wipe my shoes—Let those that kept me dangling in their halls stand shivering in mine! And they who spurn'd me, pitied me, and call'd me "poor Pavè"—Let 'em now pull off their hats and cry "Room for the Minister's son," dam'me, while it lasts I'll make the most of it!

Rosa. Lord, I knew he was a great man by his talking so unintelligibly. Let's to Sir Thomas Roundhead's directly.

Pavè. To a Baronet's! pooh!

Rosa. Nay; he's a great friend of my father's, and will rejoice at our marriage.

Pavè. Well then—But your father, my angel! How I long to see him, to help him in his orations!

Rosa.

Rosa. Oh! he wants no help in them—His discourses are excellent, only rather too short: for my mother always confines him to twenty minutes.

Pavè. Does she? Then your mother is a true lover of her country.—Come.

Re-enter WARFORD.

Warford. Miss Rosa, a word if you please—I want to see your father.

Pavè. I dare say you do—But excuse us!—We have important business. (*Mimicks WARFORD's manner.*)

Warford. Nay, I won't detain you a moment.

Pavè. Stand back, sir, and don't detain me—I've the most important business—an interview that makes or mars my peace for ever. I say, my little clerk, he is in the neighbourhood, and if you want an audience—I have it—Snug—all under my thumb—mun! You understand—Come, my sweet angel! Ask for the minister's son!

Rosa. Aye; ask for the minister's son!

[*Exeunt.*]

Warford. Was there ever such an extraordinary fellow! But as I cannot find Mr. Medium, I must to Sir Thomas's and see Lady Henrietta instantly.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE

SCENE II.—*A modern Apartment at Sir THOMAS'S.—The Room hung with Pictures—In the Centre a large Picture with a Curtain before it.*

Enter Sir THOMAS ROUNDHEAD and Sir CHARLES DAZZLE.

Sir Charles. Sir Thomas, you have made me the happiest of men!

Sir Thomas. No thanks—She shall be yours—Read that agreement. (*Gives him a paper.*)

Sir Charles. (*reads*) “On condition that Sir Charles Dazzle marries Lady Henrietta, Sir Thomas Roundhead agrees to settle on her one thousand a year during his life, and the whole of his estate at his death.”—Shall we sign directly?

Sir Thomas. No, we can't 'till we've got her consent—And I assure you, it will require all my eloquence to persuade her—here she comes—leave us together.

Enter Lady HENRIETTA.

Sir Charles. When you are ready, Sir Thomas, I'll wait upon you—Lady Henrietta, your most obedient. [*Bows, and Exit.*]

Lady Henrietta. Impudent sycophant! How his looks betray his triumph! Well, uncle, do you really persist in marrying me to that gentleman?

Sir Thomas. Certainly—I will have a man of rank for my heir; for the road must be turn'd,—the common enclosed,—and the canal and powder-mills accomplished.

H

Lady

Lady Henrietta. And I would rather work on the road, graze on the common, or be drown'd in the canal, than marry Sir Charles Dazzle—Besides, I am inheriting another's right—Rosa ought to be your heiress.

Sir Thomas. Ay, that is, if I could have married her to a great man—But now, read that agreement.

Lady Henrietta. (reading) “ Sir Charles marries Lady Henrietta—Sir Thomas settles one thousand a year—And the whole of his estate at his death.”

Sir Thomas. Well! will you sign it? Look ye, no demurring; for if you refuse, neither I nor your father will give you a shilling.

Lady Henrietta. Ungenerous!

Sir Thomas. Consider too—how are you to repay Mr. Warford?

Lady Henrietta. How indeed! And sooner than he shou'd suffer for his liberality—Yet, to be the wife of my avow'd enemy—I cannot—will not, be so wretched!

Sir Thomas. Won't you? We'll see—Sir Charles Dazzle! (*calling him in.*)

Lady Henrietta. Hold, sir—give me but a moment—Wait 'till my father arrives.

Sir Thomas. No—You shall sign instantly—Sir Charles!

As he is going—Enter ROSA hastily, and runs against him.

Rosa. Oh, Sir Thomas!—Oh, my lady!—I'm—out of breath.

Sir Thomas. What's the matter, Jezabel?

I

Rosa.

Rosa. I've done it! I've hit the mark! Such a gentleman has run away with me! No less than the Prime Minister's son!

Sir Thomas. The minister's son!

Rosa. Yes; he's of the Norman race, the second person in the world; I'm the third, and you shall be the fourth—Here he is!

Lady Henrietta. (*looking out*) As I live it's my old friend, Pavè—If I humour this, I may restore Rosa to favour, and save myself—Lucky, lucky thought!

Sir Thomas. Pooh! this can't be the minister's son—And yet, by his appearance—He has certainly a very important, formidable air.

Lady Henrietta. Sir Thomas, I can affirm it as a fact—This is the very person—I know him intimately.

Sir Thomas. Do you? 'Sdeath! what an awful sight! My respect's so great, I don't know where to stand or how to look.

Enter Pavè.

Lady Henrietta. How d'ye do? (*nods to him.*)

Pavè. How d'ye do? (*nods to her.*)

Sir Thomas. He knows her—it is him! Lord, I wish I had paid my obedience.

Lady Henrietta. Mr. Pavè, this is Sir Thomas Roundhead. (*Sir Thomas draws back.*) Nay, don't be frighten'd, uncle—The gentleman is very condescending.

Pavè. Condescending! Lord! I'm the most familiar creature—Your hand, Tommy, give me your hand.

Sir Thomas. Tommy! why, he's familiar indeed!

deed! Gad, I feel bold enough to talk to him
—Pray, sir—Hem!—is there any news?

Pavè. What! (*staring at him.*)

Sir Thomas. (*alarm'd*) I only ask'd, sir, if there was any news.

Pavè. Fie, Tommy, fie! Never pump a minister—Mum! or any of his family—fie!

Lady Henrietta. (*aside to Sir THOMAS.*) Now's your opportunity—fix him at once—Offer him Rosa with your estate.

Sir Thomas. I will—For this is indeed a man of rank! Sir! dread sir! if I don't presume too much—I have a small estate—not indeed adequate to your situation—But if you will accept it with this young lady——

Pavè. How much is it?

Sir Thomas. Scarce worth mentioning—Only a thousand a year at present, but at my death, it will be five thousand—Will you have the condescension?——

Pavè. Well, I'll indulge you, Tommy, I'll indulge you—Five thousand a year, no bad certainty in case of accident. (*aside*) In return—if there are any favours, I or my father——

Sir Thomas. Oh, sir! (*bows very low*) There are to be sure, sir, one or two trifles—First, you see (*counts with his finger on his left hand*) I want to turn a road—secondly, to enclose a common—thirdly, to cut a canal—fourthly, to build powder-mills—fifthly——(*beginning to count on his right hand.*)

Pavè. Stick to one hand, my dear Tommy! Stick to one hand, and don't agitate yourself—The trifles shall be accomplish'd, so draw up an agreement.

Lady

Lady Henrietta. I believe this will do, fir—It's only to scratch out my name and Sir Charles's, and insert Miss Rosa's and Mr. Pavè's.—I'll do it, and you may sign directly. (*Goes to table and writes.*)

Rosa. (*to Pavè*) I say, while they're settling the agreement, I'll shew you my father's picture.

Pavè. Your father's picture! Ha! where is it?

Rosa. There—behind the curtain! He's in his gown.

Pavè. Gown!—Robes you mean—Let's see.—

Lady Henrietta. Stop—sign the contract first.

Sir Thomas. Ay; sign first—There—there's my signature. (*signing.*)

Pavè. And mine! (*signing.*)

Rosa. And now, there's my dear father in his gown and cassock.

[*Undraws curtains of pictures, and discovers a painting of Mr. Medium, the clergyman, in his gown and cassock—Pavè sees it, and stands stupified.*]

Sir Thomas. Yes; there's old Medium—What surprizes you, fir?

Lady Henrietta. Ay; there's another minister—What makes you so dumb, Mr. Pavè?

Pavè. Respect and reverence at that awful sight—Oh, Sir Thomas! that parson's picture has so deeply affected me, that only this contract can console me. (*taking it*) Nothing like a
a certainty

a certainty in case of accidents—Come, Miss Medium!

Sir Thomas. Why, where are you going?

Pavè. To my father's, Tommy, to my father's—To take care of the road,—the common—the canal—the—In short, to secure your whole property.

Enter Sir CHARLES DAZZLE.

Pavè. Ah, Sir Charles, have you made out a list of promises? In the course of five years—that is, when I come to my estate, I'll think of you—Farewell, old What's-his-Name—Tommy, adieu! I retire with a handsome provision however. (*Looks at contract, &c.*)

[*Exit with ROSA.*

Sir Charles. Sir Thomas, what does that impudent fellow do here?

Sir Thomas. Impudent! why, do you know who he is?

Sir Charles. Yes; I know him to be an impostor—a rascal—And if he has got any thing from you——

Sir Thomas. Got any thing! he's got my whole estate—Oh Lord!

Sir Charles. Pursue him directly—I'll go with you.

Sir Thomas. Oh dear! Come along—As for you, madam, depend on't, you shall still be Sir Charles's, and for that fellow—Oh the villain! I believe he's a poacher, and because he cou'dn't snare the game, he has stole the whole manor! Come!

[*Exit with Sir CHARLES.*

Lady

Lady Henrietta. Ha! ha! he's a delightful man, and as he has twice saved me from Sir Charles, I hope he'll do me the favour a third time—But now to Warford, and make his generous heart partake my joy.

[*Exit.*

END OF ACT IV.

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A modern Apartment at Sir THOMAS's, a Window open and Balcony behind.*

Enter ROSA.

Rosa. How unfortunate! To be retaken and separated from my dear Mr. Pavè.—(*Goes to window and looks out.*) Surely Hippy can't have forgot me—I dropt him a letter out of this window to carry to Mr. Pavè, in which I told him I was locked up, that he mightn't get the estate, but that I was ready to elope with him this very night—Dear! where can Hippy be?

Enter HIPPY at the Window.

Hippy. Hush! is nobody here?

Rosa. Nobody.

Hippy. Odraten! this is poaching with a vengeance—Well! I've seen Mr. Pavè and he'll carry you off—he will! here's his answer.

[*Gives her a letter.*]

Rosa. (reads.) “My dear girl—that the contract may be fulfilled, I'll be near the ladder in an hour, and the signal shall be a noise at the window—Your's ever—Pavè.”

Oh charming! charming! What, you came in at the balcony by a ladder?

Hippy. To be sure I did—Leave old Nick and I alone for fixing one—But I must return to the gentleman—So, do you go and get ready, and when you hear the noise at the window, trip down

down the ladder a tittup, a tittup, a tittup, as we said of the hare you know.

Rosa. I will! I will! But pray let the noise be loud enough.

Hippy. Loud! Odraten! I'll smash every pane sooner than you shan't hear us—Depend on Nicky and I's doing our best—Good bye, Miss, and remember the noise.

Rosa. Ay, I won't forget—Good bye.

[*Exit HIPPY at window.*]

And now I'll go and get my hat and cloak—Sir Thomas is below with Mr. Latitat, and the electors of the borough—In the hurry of business, nobody'll think of our elopement—Oh! how I long for the noise at the window. [*Exit.*]

Enter LATITAT.

Latitat. So—stole off unobserved—A fine quarreling below—The old justice wants Sir Charles to be the new member—The electors want a better man, and I, as returning officer, insist upon the same—But all depends upon Smalltrade, he's at the head of the corporation, and as Sir Thomas has sent for him, I must overhear their conversation—The fact is, the justice wants to outshoot the banker—the banker wants to outrun the justice—And the attorney wants to out-bowl them both! Here they come!—That I may be evidence of all that passes—I'll e'en let down this curtain—(*lets down window-curtain and gets behind it.*) So! this is doing the thing genteelly!

I

Enter

Enter SMALLTRADE and Sir THOMAS.

Sir Thomas. Don't—don't talk of that impostor—I have secured Rosa as a hostage, and if he don't marry her, the contract's void—So, as we're alone—(*fast'ning door.*) Sit down—Sit down, and let's talk about the election. (*They sit.*)

Smalltrade. I shou'd like to have seen you counting your fingers, securing the common, the canal, and the powder mills—And then to have seen the blow up! Oh! you've a fine round head! And what wou'd you do with the canal?

Sir Thomas. What! I'd secure the borough by it: for if the electors didn't do as I wish'd, I'd open the sluices and inundate the whole town—You can only lay them under contribution, but, dam'me, I can lay them under water.—You see, old friend, if Sir Charles is the new member I have promised to marry him to Lady Henrietta—Now, the first thing he wants, is to get your interest.

Smalltrade. And the next thing is to take my principal, I suppose—Oh, I know him of old—The fellow hasn't a guinea—unless indeed, he's kept the one I lost at Faro—No, no; I want some good citizen, and I told Latitat our returning officer, to find one.

Sir Thomas. Yes; but Sir Charles is the only candidate, and therefore—

[*Loud rattling at the window, LATITAT pops his head out from behind curtain, and on SMALLTRADE'S looking round puts it back.*]

Smalltrade. What's that noise?

Sir Thomas,

Sir Thomas. Nothing but the wind shaking the windows—Therefore I say, as Sir Charles and the electors are below, let's go and talk to them. *(rising.)*

Smalltrade. Softly—mind you're not tricked again—For that Latitat is such a dirty shuffling rascal.

[Loud rattling again, LATITAT pops his head out, on SMALLTRADE'S looking round, puts it back again.]

Smalltrade. Now, what the devil's that noise?

Sir Thomas. 'Tis the wind I tell you—It's always so when its easterly—Do, let's go directly to the electors.

Smalltrade. Ay, there's no talking business in this room—So, leave me to manage Latitat—I'm a match for a lawyer.

Sir Thomas. Are you? Then you're a match for any thing—I hate 'em all.

Smalltrade. So do I—And I'll tell you what, Sir Thomas—instead of giving me a day's sport on your manor, only get me a day's shooting in Westminster-Hall, and if I don't wing and pepper the whole breed, say I'm no marksman, and Latitat's no rascal. *[Exeunt.]*

Latitat. *(puts his head out.)* Upon my soul I'm very much obliged to you—*(comes from behind.)* A very pleasant situation! Abused before my face, and pelted behind my back!

Enter ROSA in her Hat and Cloak.

Rosa. I've just heard the noise at the window, and now—ha!

Latitat. Oho! the mystery's out—an intrigue, heh? This is the best part of the election, and

as they can't make the return without me, I may as well be a party in this cause—Here I am, my dear.

Rosa. Sir! Heavens! who are you?

Latitat. Me! the prettiest fellow living! I'm a member of ten clubs, and wear twenty different uniforms—Initials on one button, arrows on another—brushes on a third—feathers on a fourth—Then I won the beugle-horn, got sixty notches, rode five races, ow'd ten thousand pounds—liv'd within the rules—did the thing genteelly!

Rosa. And has Mr. Pavè sent you, sir?

Latitat. Pavè.

[*Here Pavè puts his head out from behind curtain.*]

Rosa. I think its very hard he didn't come himself.

Latitat. Pavè! That's the man I pass'd on as Lord Sulwin! Zounds! if it shou'd be him—However, I won't lose the girl.—Come, my angel! (*Taking her hand.*)

Rosa. Lord, sir, how am I to know Mr. Pavè is your friend?

Latitat. How? I'll tell you—Every body knows my way of growing rich, is by never paying what I borrow, and notwithstanding this, Pavè lent me a thousand pounds! Now, wasn't that friendly? So, I'll peep at this door to see if any body's watching, and then—(*goes to stage door.*)

Pavè comes forward.

Pavè. (*to Rosa.*) My dear girl, descend the ladder—Your friends will protect you 'till I come.

[*Exit ROSA at window.*

I

Latitat.

Latitat. (*looking round.*) Nobody's near us, my sweet angel!—

Pavè. Isn't there, my dear lord? So, still doing the thing genteelly, my boy.

Latitat. Ah, Mr. Pavè, I assure you, I am most happy to pay my respects to you. (*bows.*)

Pavè. (*bowing.*) And I assure you I shall be more happy, if you'll pay me my thousand pounds—(*collaring him.*) Give me my money, or get me preferr'd.

Latitat. Now don't—pray don't expose me—here in the country I havn't pass'd for a lord.

Pavè. For what then, sir? (*shaking him.*)

Latitat. For a gentleman. (*Pavè shakes him more.*) I'm Returning Officer of the borough.

Pavè. What! (*Letting him go.*)

Latitat. I'm Returning Officer I say, and as the election takes place in a few hours.

Pavè. My dear fellow, I ask you a thousand pardons—In the first place, I didn't know there was an election, and in the next, I little thought you cou'd so essentially assist—Excuse me, Mr. Latitat—Lord Sulwin I mean.

Latitat. Oh, sir, you are too kind.

Pavè. Not at all—How has your health been since I saw you? I recollect you had a superb equipage—four fine bays—I hope they're all well—And so, there's an election, my lord.

Latitat. There is, sir; and if any friend of your's is a candidate.

Pavè. There's the point, my lord—I do know a gentleman, a very clever gentleman!—Don't think of that little debt you owe me! And as we're alone—harkye—(*whispers him.*)

Latitat. You a candidate!

Pavè.

Pavè. Why not? I'm heir to an estate of six thousand a year, was near being son to Mr. What's-his-name, and have a list of promises as long as the borough.—So do, pray do the thing genteelly.

Latitat. I've a great mind—it would be serving those two old blockheads as they deserve—Gad I will! Give me your hand.

Pavè. Will you?

Latitat. Hush! here's Smalltrade.

Pavè. What, old certificate?

Latitat. Stand aside—For as his interest turns the scale, we must dupe him into our scheme—Mum! Not a word.

[*Pavè being in a travelling great coat, muffles himself, and draws his hat over his face, he stands aside, and SMALLTRADE enters.*]

Latitat. So, Mr. Smalltrade—Sir Charles is to be our new member.

Smalltrade. Yes, Lati—; for want of a better—Ah! I wish we could have found another candidate!

Latitat. Another candidate, sir!

[*Looks round at Pavè, who bows to him.*]

Smalltrade. Ay; some good citizen—That would have given us grand corporation dinners, built a new town-hall—thrown a bridge over the river, and put all his money in my bank.

Latitat. Come here—Look behind you.

Smalltrade. Look behind me!

Latitat. You see that gentleman—He's the son of ——— Alderman Double.

Smalltrade. Alderman Double! What, the great London brewer?

Latitat.

Latitat. The same—He wishes to become a candidate.

Smalltrade. Does he? That's the very thing—I'll go and talk to him.

Latitat. Softly—He has been travelling all night, and has got a violent pain in his face—I tell you what—I'll settle terms with him, and if you've a mind, we'll chouce Sir Thomas.

Smalltrade. Chouce Sir Thomas! Ay do, you've my consent.

Latitat. Have I? Then I'll take him and return him at once—Come, Mr. Double—Mr. Smalltrade will excuse you're not speaking.

Smalltrade. You'll settle it with Mr. Latitat. Ay, I wish the pain in your face better with all my soul—(Pavè nods and makes signs of paying handsomely with his hands.) Sensible soul! How well he understands the business—Take him, Lati, and I'll go and detain the two Baronets 'till the return's over—Good day, Mr. Double.

Latitat. If this isn't doing the thing genteelly, the devil's in't. [Exit with Pavè.

Smalltrade. There goes the young Alderman—Poor Sir Charles! poor old Roundhead! Oh! if I was such a stupid blockhead! But I don't know how it is—we country bankers are never imposed upon. [Exit.

SCENE

SCENE II.—*Inside of Sir THOMAS's Garden.—
Garden Gate in the back Scene.*

Enter Lady HENRIETTA.

Lady Henrietta. (reading.)

"The tender pair, whom mutual favours
bind,

"Love keeps united, though by Alps
disjoin'd;

"To passion ill return'd short bounds are
set,

"The lover that's forgotten will forget."

And what have I to do with that? As I was
never in love, I can never forget—And yet it's
very odd I shou'd just hit on that passage—
Heigho! I wonder where Mr. Warford is.

Enter WARFORD.

Bless me, sir! you take one so by surprize—I
thought I shou'd never see you again.

Warford. And now, madam, you see me for
the last time.

Lady Henrietta. The last time!

Warford. Yes; Sir Charles has crush'd all my
hopes of happiness, and I have prevail'd on my
uncle to let me leave England for ever.

Lady Henrietta. Leave England! Oh, I beg
your pardon, sir—You can't do that.

Warford. No, madam!

Lady Henrietta. No, sir—you recollect you
and I must settle accounts first, for you don't
suppose

suppose I'll let you be out of my sight while I owe you an obligation! A pretty thing indeed! To lend a lady a thousand pounds, and then go abroad and compel her to come after you to repay you.

Warford. Lady Henrietta, I am miserable—I have lived under the same roof with a treasure I now see given to another! But I alone am to blame—It was presumption, in my humble situation, to aspire to such excellence, and I now meet the reward my arrogance deserves. (*going.*)

Lady Henrietta. Stay, Mr. Warford—Just let me set you right about one thing. There are people, sir, that can distinguish merit in obscurity—Nay, can admire it too—I for instance now, can perceive, that while I possess nothing from rank and birth, you gain every thing from virtue and honour.

Warford. This language overpowers me—And if I thought I was even pitied——

Lady Henrietta. Pitied! Oh, Mr. Warford, doesn't the man who shunn'd me in the hours of dissipation, and returned to me in the day of distress, deserve something more than pity?—Yes;—and as this is the last time we shall ever meet, let me avow my gratitude—my esteem! Let me be proud to tell you, that had I my own choice, I wou'd give my hand where my heart has been long dispos'd of.

Warford. Is it possible? Can the humble, deserted Warford be so blest?

Lady Henrietta. You deserve every thing, sir—But, go, go, and be happy—Find out some fair who may return your love, nor ever think of one so lost, so wretched as myself!

K

Warford

Warford. I cannot leave you thus! I'll see your uncle, appeal to his humanity! Nay, you are not Sir Charles Dazzle's yet.

Enter Miss DAZZLE.

Miss Dazzle. No—but she will be presently—This is your last *tête à tête* I assure you.

Lady Henrietta. Is Sir Charles elected then?

Miss Dazzle. He is—What, you thought if he lost the election, you wou'd lose him.

Lady Henrietta. Certainly, madam—I knew Sir Thomas design'd me for the successful candidate, and you'll pardon me—if I could have chosen a dearer representative than your brother.

[*Huzza without and Music.*]

Miss Dazzle. There! do you hear those acclamations? Now, Mr. Warford, you may take leave of the charming Henrietta, and make your bow to my sister, Lady Dazzle.

Warford. Ungenerous woman! Is it not enough to triumph.

[*More buzzaing without.*]

Enter Sir THOMAS ROUNDHEAD.—

Sir Thomas. There! It's all over—Sir Charles is elected, and I've at last got a senator for my heir! Miss Dazzle, I give you joy.

Miss Dazzle. And I give you joy, Sir Thomas,—and you, Lady Henrietta—and you Mr. Warford—Come, shall we go and see the procession?

Sir Thomas. Certainly—[*Exit Miss DAZZLE.*]
Niece, do you wait here to receive your husband, Sir Charles Dazzle.

Warford. This is beyond bearing—Sir Thomas, hear me.

Sir Thomas. I'll hear nothing—Henrietta, wait to receive the new member.

Enter SMALLTRADE.

Smalltrade. Now, where are you going?

Sir Thomas. To congratulate Sir Charles on his election, to be sure.

Smalltrade. Are you? then you may as well stay where you are.

Sir Thomas. Why so, old Smalltrade?

Smalltrade. I'll tell you, old Roundhead—he has lost the election.

Omnes. Lost the election!

Smalltrade. Yes; the young alderman has it—Double's the man!

Sir Thomas. Double's the man!

Smalltrade. Yes; it's all my doing—Now how foolish you look—I say, your worship, doesn't this remind you of counting your fingers? Oh, you old flat!

Sir Thomas. Why, what is all this? And who the devil's Double?

Smalltrade. A great brewer and the son of an alderman! Latitat found him out, and has managed the whole business himself? Now, an't you prettily outwitted? And won't you allow that a banker's head is twice as deep as a justice's?

Sir Thomas. Hold your tongue, or—

Smalltrade. Curse me, but if I thought I shou'd ever be such an old flat as you, if I wou'dn't build powder-mills on purpose to blow myself up in!—*(Music without.)*—Here he is!

here's the new member! I ordered Latitat to bring him here, that you might see with your own eyes, what a stupid fool we have made of you.

Sir Thomas. Did you? I'm very much obliged to you—But no brewer or alderman enters my garden—Here, William! Thomas! (*Going.*)

Smalltrade. (*holding him*) Now do—Stay and see how much you've exposed yourself.

Sir Thomas. I won't—Let me go.

Smalltrade. You sha'n't—here they come.

[*Long flourish of Clarinets, Trumpets, &c.*

Enter Pavè chair'a, with Electors, Rosa, and LATITAT.

Pavè. (*as he enters*) Gentlemen, you have return'd me as your representative, for which I return you my most hearty thanks, and to shew my gratitude, I invite all the country,—men, women, and children, to dine with Sir Thomas to-day, and to sup with little Certificate in the evening. (*turning round*) Huzza! I've done it at last!

Sir Thomas. Smalltrade, who's an old flat now?

Smalltrade. I am doubled, by all that's ridiculous.

Sir Thomas. Doesn't this give you a ticklish sensation? Isn't a hanker's head twice as deep as a justice's?—And won't you build powder mills to blow yourself up in?

Smalltrade. So, Mr. Pain-in-the-face, (*to LATITAT*) You and the young alderman here have done it.

Latitat. Yes; we've done the thing genteelly! But don't be angry—the new member means to be liberal.

Pavè.

Pavè. Certainly—if either of the honourable gentlemen in my eye want franks.

Sir Thomas. Franks!—Sirrah——

Pavè. Order, Tommy—Order—Harkye, old Certificate! (*Whispers SMALLTRADE.*)

Smalltrade. How! You'll move to abolish country banks!

Sir Thomas. Ay, do:—I'll second that motion.

Pavè. Come here, Tommy. (*whispers him.*)

Sir Thomas. How! Move to stop canal cutting?

Smalltrade. Ay, do:—I'll second that motion!

Latitat. And encourage attornies, for they do the thing genteelly.

Pavè. Now I'm promoted, I can be a better patron than Sir Charles—I'll prefer you all.

Rosa. Will you?—that's charming.

Pavè. To you, Latitat, I give up your debt—To you, Tommy, I restore your contract, to you, old Certificate, I give my list of promises, to you Lady Henrietta, I give the man you love—And lastly, to you, Rosa, I give the best present of all, for I give you myself, my dear girl, and next to Mr. What's-his-name, dam'me, if I know a finer fellow.

Lady Henrietta. Nor I—Will you consent, Mr. Smalltrade.

Rosa. Will you, Sir Thomas?

Lady Henrietta. We'll put all our money in the country bank.

Rosa. And I'll never poach on the manor as long as I live.

Sir Thomas. Smalltrade!

Smalltrade. Roundhead!

Sir Thomas. Shall we?

Smalltrade.

Smalltrade. Aye, we have shewn ourselves such a couple of old flats, that we can't expose ourselves any further—Here, Warford, take Lady Henrietta, and depend on't, my settlement shall be equal to the justice's.

Sir Thomas. And you, fir, (to Pavè.) since you are become a senator, take old Medium's daughter—One half of my estate goes to Henrietta—the other to you—that is, on condition you secure me the road—the common—the—
(counting again.)

Pavè. Softly, fir, softly—Counting may be ominous——

Lady Henrietta. And now, as most of us have tried different ways of growing rich, let us acknowledge, that while Sir Charles's plan has been the worst, Warford's has prov'd the best—for had the time the former wasted in dissipation and deception been employed like the latter, in honesty and industry, Sir Charles had now, like Warford, been rich and happy.

Smalltrade. Aye, application and œconomy is the surest road to riches.

Pavè. No—I'll shew you a better way—by gaining patronage and promotion here!

Here let our friends around support our cause,

And we'll grow rich indeed—by their applause.



THE END.

EPILOGUE,

EPILOGUE,

(Written by MILES PETER ANDREWS, Esq.)

And Spoken by Mr. LEWIS, in the Character of Pavè.

BEHOLD the hero, who with motives finister,
Thought he had got the daughter of the minister,
Thought too of getting from the nuptial feast,
Twenty young Privy-Counsellors at least;
Now wife must be content if we can dish up
A little Alderman, or tiny Bishop—
Dad is a Minister, but of a sort
That look for better places than at court;
Our new relations now will flock by dozens,
I shall be seiz'd to death by cassock'd cousins—
Dear coz, accept my pray'r, and my thanksgiving—
You live but to do good—Give me that living—
A motley groupe we are, of saints and sinners—
No birth-day suits, no ministerial dinners!
Dinners indeed we have, with classick gig,
Backgammon—fine October, and a pig;
But where's the levee troop, who fag and drudge it,
The scrip, the loan, the omnium and the budget?

All wou'd grow great like me, yet all despise
The humble path which led them first to rise—
The purse-proud tradesman, bred at Norton Falgate,
Grows tir'd of city feasts and clubs at Aldgate;
Madam, his lady too, is sick at heart,
With gaping daily at a Thames-street cart,—
My spouse, she cries, let's move to Grov'nor-square,
You'll soon be better duck, in better air,
Then we shall see fine folks, and have fine routs,
One can't get nothing tasty hereabouts,
Vittels are coarse, and company quite coarserer,
And your poor cough grows worferer and worferer.

Pert Miss and Master—Scions of the stock,
With equal rhet'ric urge the parent block.
Father, cries Dicky, let's live near St. James's—
Pall-Mall and Piccadilly! There the game is!

We

E P I L O G U E.

We get no money here, there's none to lend,
 The city now's as bare as t'other end!
 Nothing but paper—that indeed is plenty!
 But not a guinea cash—I'll hold you twenty—
 Suppose this charming party fix'd and settled;
 Staring at belles high plum'd, and bucks high mettled;
 Miss undertakes to school her boisterous brother,
 Aided by hints from her sagacious mother—
 Now, Dicky, since the guards abroad are gone,
 Copy the smarts, and you may pass for one—
 Have at your knees long strings and little buckles,
 With scarlet waistcoat-sleeves below your knuckles;
 Have a great coat, scarce half way down your back,
 Your chin quite buried in a muslin sack!
 Have—though for shirt, there's no great need of any,
 Have—A fig's end, cries Dick, go teach your granny.
 Mind your own dress, your gaufes, and your gingums,
 Your two-inch waist, and all your bunch of thingums!
 A man may marry now without much fear,
 His wife's shape won't be spoil'd within the year!
 You sail like smugglers for illicit trading,
 Under false colours, with false bills of lading!
 What lading, brother? Why, the Pad, Miss Sophy!
 I've made a seizure, and see here's the trophy.

[Takes out a Pad.]

One word our Bard—ourselves to recommend—
 We wish to laugh, but never to offend.



